

THIS IS A NEW SERIAL WHICH BEGINS TO-DAY. Moonshine and Marguerite

By "The Duchess."

Copyright, 1904, by George Munro's Sons.
Copyright, 1904, by George Munro's Sons.

CHAPTER I. A Girl's Heart.

"T'S a tremendously good thing for her," says Mr. Wilding. "She's got the match of the season. There she is, standing over there. Do you see? Little girl in white, with daisies all over her."

"Oh, yes," says Sir George, looking in quite the contrary direction at an overblown young thing of thirty or thereabouts—not to be uncharitable. "Not there, my dear fellow. There!"

"Oh, yes, of course," says Sir George, in exactly the same tone. "Why, she's a child!"

"Barley seventeen. But her people put her up first chance on account of her remarkably fine eyes and the six sisters yet to be introduced into society. Pensonby's got a lot of money, and looks as if he adores her."

"He does," says Sir George, staring at the young beauty's present partner at the fancy dress ball—a stalwart Mephistopheles, who is decidedly taken with her—but she doesn't look as if she adored him—oh!"

"That isn't her fiancé. He is lounging against the doorway on your right, talking to that tall dark girl in yellow—Miss Nugent."

"Why on earth can't he talk to his own girl?" says Sir George, testily, who is growing angry at his many mistakes.

Mr. Wilding laughs. "Miss Nugent was very near being that," he says. "She is his cousin, an heiress in her own right, and I dare say, the girl he would have married but for the beastly view of that little baby over there. The Pensonbys have all arranged. It's just another case of 'man proposes, you know.'"

"You haven't told me the 'baby's' name," says Sir George, who has never taken his eyes off her since first they fell on her.

"Disney—Alys Disney."

"Her costume suits her. Is she a Marguerite?"

"She is costumed as a Marguerite—or daisy," says Wilding, coldly and with a half-smile.

"I did not mean Goethe's Marguerite, believe me," says Sir George, with an amused smile. "You need not ruffle your feathers like that. I meant only one of those charming, innocent field flowers one sees sometimes in—er—pictures, and that. I'm told they grow in meadows; but I never saw a meadow; beauty bumps always out 'em down before one can get to the country. There's something—er—very special about her mouth, isn't there—oh?"

"I really don't know," says Mr. Wilding. "Come into the supper room and have something. I feel awfully used up."

Taking forcible possession of the little baronet, he pilots him successfully through massive dowagers and languishing wall flowers to the room beyond without making a mistake. Mr. Wilding is a young man of much merit, whose manner ladies call "invaluable" and girls "charming." By these last he is regarded as a general favorite—principally perhaps because, though now twenty-nine, he has never yet selected from among them a particular favorite. He is still all their own, and belongs to everybody because he belongs to nobody.

By the time he and his companion have gained the happy land of chicken and champagne it occurs to Sir George Grande that he had not wanted to come. "I wish you hadn't shown such senseless haste," he says. "I hadn't had done looking at that little girl in the daisies. She's pretty."

"Don't give yourself airs," says Wilding. "Pretty? She's the new Beauty! With a twenty-five—er—don't make a mistake about it. You are to have her, ever you hear her name mentioned, or they will argue you unknown."

"I wish they would," says Sir George, with a faint grimace. "I've put in my year abroad, like a good little boy; but the welcome accorded me by the Duchess, my sister, on my return could hardly be called scorching."

"One's own people are always the hardest on one's little peccadilloes," says Mr. Wilding, staring at his glass. "I call it real nasty of her, anyway," says Sir George, "considering it was to please her I cleared out and lost my season last year."

"Well, you know you had been going it a bit," says Wilding apologetically. "Two fortunes, by Jove! before you were twenty-five—and that other little affair. But I think now your banishment is at an end, and open censure should be at an end, too. I gave your sister, our hostess, credit for better feeling."

"She's one of the goodly-moodies. Charity, because it is the greatest, is the rarest of all virtues, and the Duchess lacks it. However, I am independent of her and all since I came in for the Trevor estates. I wonder how long this third fortune will last me!"

His Best Chance.



Young One—Well, if I haven't any money, I've got lots of sand left! Old One—Then, why don't you form a sugar trust?

A 22-Months-Old Baby That Is an Athlete

Master James B. Vincent, an Infant, Walks on His Hands and Turns on the Flying Rings.

USES AT 7 BREAKFASTS IMMEDIATELY



EXERCISES 15 MINUTES WITH THE DUMBBELLS

MASTER JAMES B. VINCENT, of No. 27 Sussex Avenue, Newark, N. J., aged just twenty-two months and tipping the scales at forty pounds, appears to be the champion middle-weight baby of the world, and is prepared to meet all comers with dumbbells. There are older babies, and heavier babies, but in his class his fond parents, disciples of physical culture, believe that he is altogether without a rival.

At an age when other babies are toddling with adventurous recklessness from chair to chair, Master Vincent may be regarded as a trained athlete. Ever since he was a year old his chubby fists have grasped a pair of one-half-pound dumbbells, which for him replace the rattle of less strenuous infancy, every morning, and regularly he has gone through a series of fifteen-minute exercises taught him by his seventeen-year-old brother, John, a member of the Young Men's Catholic Association of Newark, whose gymnasium was placed at Master Vincent's disposal from the moment he could toddle.

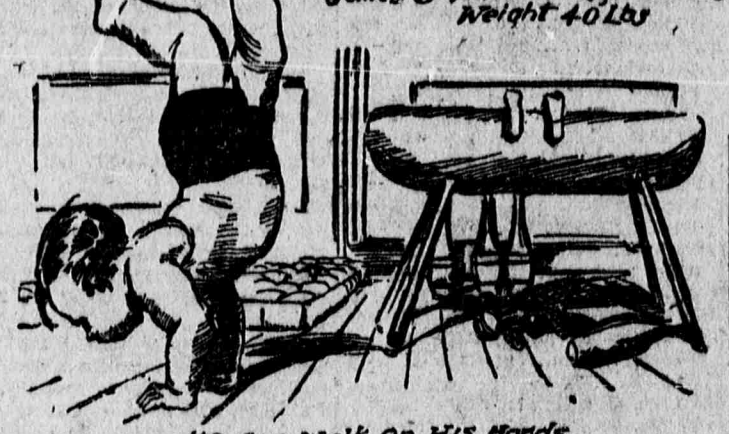
No one who has not seen "Jimmy" gravely balances himself on his head, and then walk on his hands, his chubby toes suspended resolutely in midair, can have any idea of the attractiveness of physical culture. And any mother viewing him boldly grasping a set of miniature rings suspended high for him in the "gym" and turning a complete somersault for the edification of his admirers, could not doubt the beneficial effects of systematic exercise even for very young babies. This infant Sandow, who can lift ten pounds with careless ease, is the twelfth of thirteen children born to Mr. and Mrs. William H. Vincent. His father is of American birth, but his mother is of French origin, and from her he inherits his clear, olive complexion and brown hair and eyes.

"Everybody who knows Jimmy," said his proud father yesterday, "says that in the matter of strength they never saw a baby that could touch him."

The Evening World will be glad to hear of other babies like Master Vincent, if there are other equally or more remarkable babies in Greater New York. Just send word to The Evening World and it will see that baby's physical or mental prowess is duly celebrated.



James B. Vincent, Age 22 Mos, Weight 40 lbs



He Can Walk On His Hands.

"I was devoted to sports at one time, had a good amateur record for running and could lift 40 pounds."

"When Jimmy was a year old John bought him a pair of dumbbells, and he had never had a toy that pleased him so much. He wanted to use them all the time, and even now he sometimes does not want to give them up at the end of his fifteen minutes of exercise in the morning. It is only the cold bath and alcohol rub-down that follow that reconcile him to the surrender."

"He was a bottle baby and has never been sick a day in his life, and is the most amiable child I ever saw. I've had thirteen of my own. Every night when I go home—my store keeps me until 10 o'clock—he wakes up to tell me what he has been doing and where his brothers and sisters are."

"We are very proud of him, but I don't like him to 'show off.' It might make him self-conscious."

Beauty Hints.
By Margaret Hubbard Ayer



For the Chafing Dish.

Sardines grilled in the chafing dish is a good course with which to begin a Sunday night tea. Drain the oil from a box of fair-sized sardines and when the blazer is hot lift each carefully into the sizzling oil. Sauté the sardines slightly, turning carefully. Sprinkle over each a few drops of lemon juice and serve them on small squares of toasted bread or sandwich style between saltine crackers.

About Corned Beef.

For prime corned-beef hash moisten the mixture of meat and potatoes with a rich stock and season with salt and paprika. Some people add a trace of sugar.

You can't have a tender piece of corned beef unless you put it into cold water when it goes onto the stove and this water must be changed at least three times, else the meat will be too salty.

Three Suggestions.

When one serves 5 o'clock tea one tea spoonful of tea should be allowed to each cup of boiling water. Let the tea steep from one to three minutes, and when you serve it place a slice of lemon or a large orange cherry in each cup.

A little sugar added to the water used for mashing the roast, especially if it be veal, improves its flavor.

Wash, particularly the salt water kind, is better if when it is boiled a cupful of good cider vinegar is mixed with the water.

Distorted Animals.

The following animals are sadly distorted. Can you make them look natural? In other words, they are jammed. Can you straighten them out?

1. Shore. 2. Sino. 3. Kats Runt. 4. Tassy cup. 5. Chowdick. 6. Aroh. 7. Padrole. 8. Kendy. 9. Allam.



Turn A Somersault Holding The Rings



Can Lift Ten Pounds

DIAMOND DYES WILL NOT DYE AWAY.

No matter how often they are washed or exposed to the sun. A package of Diamond Dyes costs little, and plain directions for using accompany it.

We have a special department of advice, and will answer for any questions about dyeing. Write to: Diamond Dyes, Burlington, Vt.

A Velvety Complexion and a Plump Figure

Are more sought after than diamonds. The most beautiful complexion is the velvety one. The most plump figure is the one that is the most attractive. The most beautiful complexion is the velvety one. The most plump figure is the one that is the most attractive.

AMUSEMENTS.

MADISON SQ. GARDEN Monday, Feb. 6.

CHARITY BALL AND DRILL.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

TICKETS (GENTLEMEN AND LADIES) \$1.00

AMUSEMENTS.

MADISON SQ. GARDEN Monday, Feb. 6.

CHARITY BALL AND DRILL.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

TICKETS (GENTLEMEN AND LADIES) \$1.00

AMUSEMENTS.

MADISON SQ. GARDEN Monday, Feb. 6.

CHARITY BALL AND DRILL.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

TICKETS (GENTLEMEN AND LADIES) \$1.00

AMUSEMENTS.

MADISON SQ. GARDEN Monday, Feb. 6.

CHARITY BALL AND DRILL.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

TICKETS (GENTLEMEN AND LADIES) \$1.00

AMUSEMENTS.

MADISON SQ. GARDEN Monday, Feb. 6.

CHARITY BALL AND DRILL.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

TICKETS (GENTLEMEN AND LADIES) \$1.00

AMUSEMENTS.

MADISON SQ. GARDEN Monday, Feb. 6.

CHARITY BALL AND DRILL.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

TICKETS (GENTLEMEN AND LADIES) \$1.00

AMUSEMENTS.

MADISON SQ. GARDEN Monday, Feb. 6.

CHARITY BALL AND DRILL.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

TICKETS (GENTLEMEN AND LADIES) \$1.00

AMUSEMENTS.

MADISON SQ. GARDEN Monday, Feb. 6.

CHARITY BALL AND DRILL.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

TICKETS (GENTLEMEN AND LADIES) \$1.00

AMUSEMENTS.

MADISON SQ. GARDEN Monday, Feb. 6.

CHARITY BALL AND DRILL.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

TICKETS (GENTLEMEN AND LADIES) \$1.00

The Talk Throwing.

By Alice Roche.

"M. but it is disgusting," growled the Feminist.

"What now?" asked the Amateur Philosopher.

"Oh, this bunch of word-throwers who always carry on a conversation for the benefit of everybody else. I rode up to Harlem last night and tried to read my paper as well as I could with the foot-crushing brigade at work, and the strap-hangers' guild jostling overline, but it was no use."

"There was one of these female conversational bomb-throwers working so strenuously that my ear drums ached."

"You surely are not wasting any time complaining about women talking, are you?" asked the Amateur Philosopher.

"I should say not," snapped the Feminist. "That's a tonic it would take too long to do justice to. What I am sore about is the way these smart females do their affected conversation stunted in the expectation of making a tremendous hit with every one within earshot. And there isn't anybody in the car who is out of earshot, either—unless they're deaf."

"As a matter of fact, their conversation isn't anything that they need to be particularly proud of. In fact, it seems that the less sense a woman has the louder she likes to proclaim it."

"Well, I shouldn't think they would want to talk loud," said the Philosopher, "if they were ladies."

"Oh, they are ladies, all right. Just you attempt to imitate that they're not, and they'll convince you. And you shouldn't think they'd like to talk loud? Well, they do, and the answer is that it's a form of vanity this particular brand of ladies develops. They think they are causing a great aura of envy and admiration to emanate from all of their fellow-passengers when they commence to discuss their social triumphs or their intimacy with well-known people. If you would shift the matter down, it's a fact about their acquaintance with the high social or personages they are discussing is limited to the domains of the sewing-room or the manure parlor."

"A good line of conversation I've had sounded into my ears until I wanted to scream out in rage is the intimate knowledge of bohemian or fashionable snobs. Oh, that's a great thing to attract attention. 'When I was at Sherry's the other night with Mrs. Shermerhorn Gruger's son a stupid waiter spilled some \$3 a bottle wine on my \$200 lace dress.'"

"It's a cinch the nearest they ever came to Sherry's was the employee's entrance, but the bluff goes with some of their set. I suppose it doesn't matter so much what they talk about. It's just the fact that they talk at all, in this bragging, 'attract attention' manner that makes me mad," continued the Feminist.

"Women are so vain and foolish they think they are arousing admiration when they are merely attracting attention."

"If I wish some one would look into the matter," said the Feminist. "For what purpose?" inquired the Philosopher.

"Why, to forbid these brain-baggers to disturb the peace."

A Correction.



Yes—Yes, the fire wiped us clean out. We didn't save a thing. Young Hopkitt—Yes, we did, page. I saved my bean-shooter and was at chewing gum.

AMUSEMENTS.

EMPIRE THEATRE, 14th St. & 5th Ave. Monday, Feb. 6.

Maude Adams.

HUDSON THEATRE, 14th St. & 5th Ave. Monday, Feb. 6.

Robert Edison.

SAVOY THEATRE, 14th St. & 5th Ave. Monday, Feb. 6.

First Time.

HERALD THEATRE, 14th St. & 5th Ave. Monday, Feb. 6.

Blanche Walsh.

CRITERION THEATRE, 14th St. & 5th Ave. Monday, Feb. 6.

Francis Wilson.

GARRICK THEATRE, 14th St. & 5th Ave. Monday, Feb. 6.

Arnold Daly.

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE, 14th St. & 5th Ave. Monday, Feb. 6.

W. S. Willard.

LYCEUM THEATRE, 14th St. & 5th Ave. Monday, Feb. 6.

Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots.

DALY'S THEATRE, 14th St. & 5th Ave. Monday, Feb. 6.

The Duchess of Dantz.

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE, 14th St. & 5th Ave. Monday, Feb. 6.

W. S. Willard.

LYCEUM THEATRE, 14th St. & 5th Ave. Monday, Feb. 6.

Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots.

DALY'S THEATRE, 14th St. & 5th Ave. Monday, Feb. 6.

The Duchess of Dantz.

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE, 14th St. & 5th Ave. Monday, Feb. 6.

W. S. Willard.

LYCEUM THEATRE, 14th St. & 5th Ave. Monday, Feb. 6.

Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots.

DALY'S THEATRE, 14th St. & 5th Ave. Monday, Feb. 6.

The Duchess of Dantz.

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE, 14th St. & 5th Ave. Monday, Feb. 6.

W. S. Willard.

LYCEUM THEATRE, 14th St. & 5th Ave. Monday, Feb. 6.

Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots.

DALY'S THEATRE, 14th St. & 5th Ave. Monday, Feb. 6.

The Duchess of Dantz.

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE, 14th St. & 5th Ave. Monday, Feb. 6.

W. S. Willard.

LYCEUM THEATRE, 14th St. & 5th Ave. Monday, Feb. 6.

Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots.

DALY'S THEATRE, 14th St. & 5th Ave. Monday, Feb. 6.

The Duchess of Dantz.

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE, 14th St. & 5th Ave. Monday, Feb. 6.

W. S. Willard.

LYCEUM THEATRE, 14th St. & 5th Ave. Monday, Feb. 6.

Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots.

DALY'S THEATRE, 14th St. & 5th Ave. Monday, Feb. 6.

The Duchess of Dantz.

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE, 14th St. & 5th Ave. Monday, Feb. 6.

W. S. Willard.

LYCEUM THEATRE, 14th St. & 5th Ave. Monday, Feb. 6.

Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots.

DALY'S THEATRE, 14th St. & 5th Ave. Monday, Feb. 6.

The Duchess of Dantz.

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE, 14th St. & 5th Ave. Monday, Feb. 6.

W. S. Willard.

LYCEUM THEATRE, 14th St. & 5th Ave. Monday, Feb. 6.

Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots.

DALY'S THEATRE, 14th St. & 5th Ave. Monday, Feb. 6.

The Duchess of Dantz.

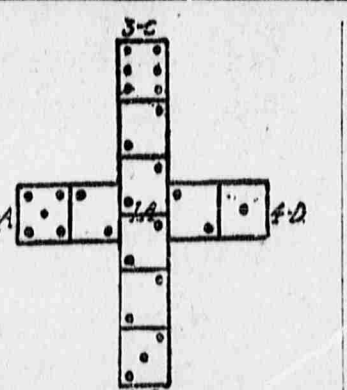
The Game of Sniff-How to Play It.

SNIFF is a game of either dominoes or card dominoes, and may be played by two persons or four as partners.

The dominoes are posed face down, and each player takes up the rest being left in the stock. The one who has the highest double opens the game.

If no one has a double, each draws in turn from the stock until one is found. He places this in the centre of the table. The domino is called "Sniff," and the next player on the left must place next to it another piece one end of which must correspond to the numbers of Sniff. If he cannot do this he must draw from the stock. If after drawing three pieces he is still unable to place, he loses his turn.

All four sides of Sniff may be played to, and the object of the game is to place the pieces so that the sum of all



the pipe may make five or a multiple of five. Each five, or multiple of five, made by a player is added to his score, and the one first reaching 100 or 200 (as agreed upon) wins the game.

It is of great advantage to get rid of one's dominoes quickly, for the first one to do so adds to his score all the pips in his adversary's hands.

Five, or a multiple of five, alone is not enough. For instance, if the opponents' pips added together make seven, he adds five to his score; but if eight, he adds ten.

The player of Sniff adds ten to his score; but if Sniff is double six, it counts twenty.

In the diagram double-two is "Sniff," and counts the player, A, 10. B plays No. 2 and counts five (two and three equal five). Player No. 3 does not score (three and six equal nine), but the players No. 4, D, and No. 5, A, count ten and fifteen respectively.

The score would therefore read thus: Score of A and C. Score of B and D.

10 5

25 15

40 30

55 45

A Standing Supper.

THE standing supper is the latest novel invention for families whose hospitality surpasses their conveniences for formal